

And death for thee, would be too great a boon."
Away the pliant wretch with terror fled,
As if dread vengeance menaced o'er his head.
And as the band around their leader prest,
These thrilling words described his thoughtful breast:
"Comrades, farewell! your chieftan's course is done!
His reign is ended with the set of sun.
I am the scion of a noble race,
'Tho' honor bars me from my rightful place.
Nor lust of wealth, nor love of battle led,
Rinaldo to your band but want of bread.
I scorned the labor of the subject poor,
Gibes and gaunt famine at their broken door;
I could not brook oppression's grinding deeds,
Where the Prince plunders and the vassal bleeds.
To you I gave my heart, my hand, and blade,
Your chosen Captain in the free knight's trade.
My sword and liberty is all I crave,
Of the rich treasures, which our fortune gave.
Nor had I in your service staid so long,
But to avenge the good Gherardo's wrong.
De Blutgeldt's deed my manly bosom stung,
And spurn'd by vengeance, on his foes I hung:
Both now have heard death's iron tongue.
He shrouds the good and bad beneath his pall;
But dreadful horrors on the guilty fall.
Comrades, remember tho' you fight for food,
Rob not the poor: shed not one drop of blood.
Thanks for your love—a long and last farewell!—
Brothers,—to your cavern in the secret dell!
I fear, the good old Hermit's hour is come;
Bear to Anselmo's, or a better home."